Joel Hornstock

THE X-FILES

"IRRESISTIBLE"

written by

Chris Carter

Episode # 2X13
Story # 4341
November 21, 1994 WHITE (full)
November 23, 1994 BLUE (full)
November 25, 1994 PINK (full)

Director:
David Nutter

November 25, 1994

CAST LIST

FOX MULDER	
DANA SCULLY	
DONNIE PFASTER	
SPECIAL AGENT MOE BOCK	
JACKSON TOEWS	
YOUNG WOMAN	(X)
MARILYN MANDAS	
SATIN	
ELLEN BRUMFIELD	
MR. FIEBLING	
COED	
SUSPECT	
SPECIAL AGENT BUSCH	
KAREN KOSSEFF	
2ND PROSTITUTE	
LISA BRUMFIELD	
JAILOR	
AGENT	(X)

November 25, 1994

SET LIST

EXTERIORS
OLD CEMETERY
TENDERLOIN DISTRICT
/STREET
/ALLEY
BRUMFIELD RESIDENCE
JUNIOR COLLEGE PARKING LOT
FBI HEADQUARTERS, WASHINGTON, D.C. (STOCK)
MINNEAPOLIS AIRPORT
/KIOSK
/CAR RENTAL PARKING LOT
DARK ROAD
CUSTOM HOME

INTERIORS
JANELLI-HELLER FUNERAL HOME
/CHAPEL
/PREPARATION ROOM
FICICELLO FROZEN FOODS
/OFFICE
MINNEAPOLIS FIELD OFFICE
/AGENT BOCK'S OFFICE
/OFFICE AREA
DONNIE PFASTER'S CAR
DONNIE PFASTER'S APARTMENT
/BEDROOM
/LIVING ROOM
/KITCHEN
/BATHROOM
BRUMFIELD RESIDENCE
/KITCHEN
/BATHROOM
MINNEAPOLIS COUNTY MORGUE
JUNIOR COLLEGE CLASSROOM
SCULLY'S MOTEL ROOM
MINNEAPOLIS COUNTY JAIL
/CELL BLOCK
/LINEUP OBSERVATION ROOM (X)
FBI HEADQUARTERS
/FINGERPRINT ANALYSIS LAB
/HALLWAY
/KAREN KOSSEFF'S OFFICE
SCULLY'S CAR
MOE BOCK'S CAR
CUSTOM HOME
/BEDROOM
/CLOSET
/BATHROOM
/SUPPLY CLOSET (X)
/DONNIE'S BEDROOM
/HALLWAY

FADE IN:

1 INT. JANELLI-HELLER FUNERAL HOME - EVENING - A TEENAGE GIRL 1

stands at a pulpit, delivering a difficult eulogy. Surrounded by garish funeral sprays in a rainbow of colors. An Eric Satie selection plays almost subliminally under:

YOUNG WOMAN
... I think we all feel an empty place not just in our hearts but in our lives. Everybody loved Jennifer, not just because she was a special person...

JENNIFER SIMMONS

lies lifelessly in a coffin lined with blue satin. Her long blond hair shiny and curled, her fresh smooth face - even death could not steal her innocence.

YOUNG WOMAN (O.S.)
...but because she was the kind of friend who was always there for you. We'll all miss you, Jennifer. We'll miss your smile...

WIDE ON CHAPEL

filled with FRIENDS (mostly teenaged) and FAMILY. The sadness hanging over the room like a pall.

YOUNG WOMAN
... we'll miss your laugh and your great sense of humor. We'll miss the time we would have spent together. We'll keep these memories close to our hearts until we meet again in God's Kingdom.

CUT TO:

THE SLOW PROCESSION OF MOURNERS

filing past the coffin. Some cannot look, others stare in stunned amazement. Only adults dare to take a moment, to whisper their sorrows over the tragedy of it all.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: 1

THE FAMILY

stand to the side in a quiet group, waiting for their turn as the last of the mourners leave. No one speaks, for there are no words now, nothing but despair. The Father finally guides the Mother over to the coffin. Sisters folding in behind them, followed by Brothers.

ANGLE ON DON ADDIE PFASTER

standing at-ease near a door to the side of the pulpit. An employee of the funeral home, he wears the requisite poly-blend dark suit. He watches the bereaved family with a look of practiced gloom, though his eyes betray a fire of fascination.

This look evaporates when JACKSON TOEWS, his supervisor, enters the chapel through the door next to Donnie Pfaster.

TOEWS
(quietly)
The family has requested a graveside service now. I've rescheduled the burial to tomorrow afternoon. We'll keep the body overnight.

Donnie Pfaster nods as Toews exits again. Donnie looking back to:

THE BEREAVED FAMILY

moving slowly from the casket, exiting the chapel. Donnie enters frame as the door clicks shut. Moving to the casket and looking down at the dead girl.

DONNIE
(sincerely)
Such a beautiful girl.

Donnie reaches in, strokes the girl's hair lovingly before closing the open half of the casket and wheeling it off.

CUT TO:

2 INT. JANELLI-HELLER FUNERAL HOME - PREPARATION ROOM - NIGHT 2

The room is dark save for the dim beam cast from a small bulb near the embalming table and sink. In the gloomy low-watt light the silhouettes of coffins stand out. Then A FAN OF LIGHT spreads out over the room as a door opens.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: 2

Jackson Toews enters, eating a popsicle. His coat is off now, his tie loosened. He moves to the embalming area, looking for something in one of the cupboards. Shoving the popsicle in his mouth as he searches. Then HE REACTS to a NOISE in the room. The tight squeal of a coffin hinge. Toews removes the popsicle, staring into the darkness.

TOEWS
Hello?

ANGLE ON ROOM

Still. No sign of movement. Only the sound of A DULL WOODEN THUNK. A coffin being gently closed.

RESUME TOEWS

He's really spooked now.

TOEWS
Who's there?

RESUME ROOM

A SHADOWY FORM is drifting through the coffins, moving toward the doorway where light from the hallway spills in.

TOEWS (O.S.)
I said, who's there?

The form moves into the light now, framed in the doorway. It is the silhouette of a man with HUNCHED BONEY SHOULDERS, BOWED LEGS and LONG TAPERED FINGERS. The dim beam from the low watt light illuminates EVER SO SLIGHTLY the figure's grotesque features. Twisted and gargoyle-like - this is no alien. It looks like a kind of demon figure.

ON TOEWS

the popsicle dropping from his hand and sliding along the concrete floor. He is shaking from fright now.

TOEWS
Holy god...

He turns, patting the wall furiously to find the light switch, which he locates and flips on. Turning to see:

TOEWS
(surprised)
Donnie?

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2) 2

DONNIE PFASTER

stands in the doorway where the demon just was. His suit wrinkled, his hair mussed and slicked down with sweat.

Toews moves to him, relieved but agitated from the scare.

TOEWS
What the hell are you doing here this late?

DONNIE
(strangely)
Working.

Toews stares at him. Noticing a PAIR OF SCISSORS in his hand.

TOEWS
Working? At this hour?

Donnie doesn't answer. But this is when Toews notices something on the floor.

A TRAIL OF BLOND HAIR CLIPPINGS

scattered on the concrete, leading from a coffin that we recognize as that of the dead girl's we saw earlier.

TOEWS

quickly puts the pieces together. Glaring at Donnie as he moves quickly to the coffin.

TOEWS
What the hell were you doing?

Donnie again doesn't answer. Toews opens the coffin to find the dead girl's hair has been cut off in jagged clumps. He turns to Donnie angrily.

TOEWS
Get out of here, you freak! Get out of here and don't come back!

ANGLE ON DONNIE

as he turns and walks calmly TO CAMERA, moving to the door. A wan smile on his face. A smile that doesn't care about anything or anybody. A demonic smile. Off this, we go to:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

3 EXT. OLD CEMETERY - DAY 3

A variety of different headstones standing squat on the hard and frozen ground. Lonely sentries guarding faded memories. A LEGEND appears: MONTFIORE CEMETERY, MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA. Mulder and Scully enter frame, walking with SPECIAL AGENT MOE BOCKS, an animated, garrulous man with a charmingly awkward manner.

BOCKS
... I got the call from Minneapolis PD, saying they wanted the FBI to come out and have a look. Anything slightly freakazoid, that's the drill: call Moe Bocks. As if I'm tight with all the nut cases in town. So I shoot down here to see what's-the-what and I'll be damned if I'm not knocked on my butt by what they show me. Twenty two years, I've never seen anything like it.

They have arrived at a gravesite where a freshly dug mound of dirt is piled. The area is surrounded by yellow crime scene tape. TWO UNIFORMED OFFICERS stand in the area, watching the threesome approach.

ANGLE FROM INSIDE GRAVE LOOKING UP

as Mulder, Scully and Agent Bocks peer down inside.

BOCKS
I get one look at the corpse and I'm on the phone to my pal Mike Atkinson down at the Mutual UFO Network. You know Atkinson? (X)

MULDER
No.

BOCKS
Well, he knows you.

MULDER
Why'd you call MUFON?

BOCKS
I wanted to see if there'd been much UFO activity in the area.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 3

MULDER
You think this grave was unearthed by aliens, Agent Bocks?

BOCKS
It has all the telltale markings, don't you think?

NEW ANGLE ON SCULLY, MULDER, AGENT BOCKS

looking into the grave. (NOTE We never see into the grave ourselves, relying only on their descriptions.)

BOCKS
I mean, according to the literature.

MULDER
The literature?

BOCKS
Y'know. The way the way the hair and nails have been cut away. Sort of like they do in cattle mutilations.

Scully is clearly disturbed by the sight of the body. Mulder nods politely, looking down to:

THE HEADSTONE - It reads: CATHERINE ANN TERLE, 1972-1994 Man's cruel harvest of God's blessed lambs. May He watch over her and protect her now. (X)

MULDER
I hate to disappoint you, Agent Bocks, but this doesn't look like the work of aliens to me.

BOCKS
(disappointed)
No? How can you be sure?

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2) 3

MULDER
I've seen this kind of thing before. When I was with the Violent Crime Section. Whoever dug this up probably used a backhoe. If you took casts of the ground in the area you'd probably lift some clean new tracks leading off to a garage around here somewhere.

BOCKS
You think?

MULDER
He may work here, but it's not likely. Though he's probably worked at a cemetery or a mortuary at one time or another. Probably been busted before but you're not going to find any record of it. Not real good for business when these stories get around.

BOCKS
(to be sure)
You're saying some human's been doing this?

MULDER
If you want to call him that.

Bocks looks kind of embarrassed, feeling the stares of the Uniformed Officers. He's obviously already considered the Clown Prince of the FBI in these parts.

BOCKS
Well, don't I feel like a dumb butt.

ON SCULLY

as she ventures one last look into the grave. The image giving her a cold shudder.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (3) 3

NEW ANGLE

As Mulder and Scully move back to their car, Agent Bocks and the Officers receding in the b.g. They walk quietly for several moments.

MULDER
You okay, Scully?

SCULLY
Yeah...
(beat)
I've read about cases of desecrating the dead, but this is the first time I've seen one. (X)

MULDER
Nothing can prepare you for it. It's almost impossible to imagine.

SCULLY
Why do they do it?

MULDER
Some people collect salt and pepper shakers. The fetishist collects dead things. Hair, fingernails... no one quite knows why. Though I've never quite understood salt and pepper shakers myself.

As they reach the car, Scully looks at Mulder curiously. (X)

SCULLY
Sometimes you surprise me, Mulder.

MULDER
Why?

SCULLY
How that didn't shock you back there.

MULDER
I'd prepared myself for it before we left Washington.

Scully gives him a look.

SCULLY
You knew this wasn't UFO related from the start?

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (4) 3

MULDER
I had suspected as much.

They arrive at the car. Mulder puts the keys into the lock to open the door for Scully.

SCULLY
Mulder, we flew three hours to get here. Our plane doesn't leave until tomorrow night. If you suspected, why -

Mulder surprises her when he pulls TWO TICKETS from his heavy coat pocket.

MULDER
Vikings versus Redskins, in the Metrodome.
(off her look)
Forty yard line, Scully. We're there.

Off her continued look:

CUT TO:

4 INT. FICICELLO FAMILY FROZEN FOODS - MAIN OFFICE - DAY 4

MARILYN MANDAS sits behind her desk. Behind her on the wall is a picture of a LIME GREEN DELIVERY TRUCK with the FICICELLO LOGO on the side.

MARILYN
(pleasantly)
Have you lived in the Twin Cities area long, Mr. Pfaster?

DONNIE PFASTER

sits across from her, his hands folded calmly in his lap. His clothes, a nice sweater and chinos, are neat and pressed.

DONNIE
I grew up here. I was away for a few years.

MARILYN
What kind of work were you in before?

DONNIE
Cosmetology. Hair and makeup.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: 4

MARILYN
(unsure)
Oh, that's interesting.

DONNIE
If you don't mind my saying, that's a lovely color lipstick you're wearing. Is that Indian Summer?

MARILYN
(flattered)
Yes. Yes it is.

They exchange smiles.

MARILYN
You're applying for a job as a deliveryman -

DONNIE
To put myself through school. I've gone back to school.

Marilyn smiles, jotting this down on the application.

MARILYN
What are you studying?

DONNIE
Comparative religions.

MARILYN
Oh. Are you religious yourself?

DONNIE
Yes. Very.

Marilyn smiles, then leans in to speak privately.

MARILYN
I probably not supposed to say this, but Mr. Ficicello feels very strongly about religious backgrounds. He prides himself on the honesty of his employees.

DONNIE
Can you put that on the application?

MARILYN
I'll attach a little note.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2) 4

She says this with a conspiratorial wink.

DONNIE
Thank you.

CUT TO:

5 CLOSE ON MINNESOTA VIKINGS PLACEKICKER 5

as he signals his teammates, then runs and boots the opening kickoff. To the ROAR of the crowd. CAMERA PULLING BACK to reveal this image is on a TV set.

BOCKS
I was glad I could catch you before you left.

We are:

INT. FBI MINNEAPOLIS FIELD OFFICE - AGENT BOCKS' OFFICE -DAY

Scully and Mulder enter through a glass door with the FBI seal on it, Bocks' name under it. Special Agent Moe Bocks steps in, turns the TV sound down. Mulder stares longingly at the mute screen as Bocks steps over, removes a file folder from his cluttered desk, hands it to Scully.

BOCKS
We found more bodies dug up.

SCULLY
Did you get your forensics report on the first one?

BOCKS
(nodding)
Somebody was down there in the grave alright. Cut the hair with a pair of pinking shears. Gotta wonder about this guy. (X)

MULDER
At least he's not down there with his blow dryer and his curling iron. (X) (X)

Scully opens the file, turning away from the two men to hide her grim reaction to what she sees inside. Not sharing their dark humor.

MULDER
How many bodies does this make?

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 5

BOCKS
Three in the last two days.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2) 5

MULDER
What else can you tell me about the analysis of the corpses?

BOCKS
The hair was cut from the heads of two of the bodies. From the third one, the fingernails were pulled out with what looks like a pair of needlenose pliers. (X)

CLOSE ON SCULLY

going through some of the photos in the file. We do not see the photos. Only Scully's reaction to them: the wave of nausea that comes over her. She lays the file down on Bocks' desk and exits the room. Mulder noting this.

MULDER
(nodding)
Alright, I want you to draft an eyes-only memo to everyone in this office and to all law enforcement agencies in the metropolitan area.

BOCKS
Saying what?

MULDER
That the Twin Cities have an escalating fetishist on their hands.

Bocks gives him a look, searching his desk for a notepad.

BOCKS
A what?

MULDER
An escalating fetishist. Security should be tightened around the city cemeteries. Mortuaries, funeral homes and hospitals should be notified. There should be a story issued to the press warning of a possible stalker in the area.

Bocks writes, hesitating on this last point.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (3) 5

BOCKS
This isn't New York, Agent Mulder. People still leave their doors unlocked here. This is going to scare them.

MULDER
You can leave out the more gruesome aspects in your press release.

BOCKS
Why do you want to alarm folks anyway? I mean, if this guy only preys on dead people...

MULDER
His compulsion is growing. He may resort to homicide to procure his corpses. Once he gets a taste of a warm body, he's probably going to want more.

BOCKS
(shaking his head)
Maybe I've been isolated up here in the great white north too long.

MULDER
How's that?

BOCKS
People wondered why it took them so long to catch that kid in Milwaukee. Thought someone would have noticed he was killing those young boys. Truth is, no one ever believed it could happen.

MULDER
If you catch this guy before he kills, maybe they can go right on believing that.

BOCKS
I'm afraid we don't have the manpower or expertise to move on this with any speed. Going to be hard to round anybody up on a Saturday. Could be Monday or Tuesday before we get our ducks in a row.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (4) 5

Mulder considers this, glancing at the silent TV with a look of resignation.

6 INT. OFFICE AREA OUTSIDE BOCK'S OFFICE - DAY 6

Scully sits alone in the empty office, the disturbed look still lingering on her face. Turning, startled, when Mulder leans out the door of Bocks' office.

MULDER
I'm going to cancel our flight. We've got some work to do here.
(off her non-response)
Scully?

SCULLY
I'll be right with you.

Mulder ducks back in the office. CAMERA HOLDS ON SCULLY as she gathers herself against a gnawing fear. One she was not prepared for or accustomed to.

DISSOLVE TO:

7 INT. AGENT BOCK'S OFFICE - NIGHT 7

ECU ON A COMPUTER SCREEN

where a menu of files referencing serial murder cases and their salient features. From Axe Murders to Sadistic Pedophilia.

SCULLY'S V.O.
(her mood clear in her voice)
A complete model or psychological profile of the death fetishist does not exist. Extrapolating from material on file at the FBI's Behavioral Science Unit, the compulsion is the result of a complex misplacement of values and a deviation from cultural norms and societal mores - often accompanied by extreme alienation from normal social interaction and traditional avenues for interaction with others.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: 7

A SERIES OF MUG SHOTS - CAMERA PANNING SLOWLY ACROSS

the faces of men, some with eyes dark and uncaring; predatory. A few look like somewhat more normal.

SCULLY'S V.O.
He is more likely to be white, male and of average to above average intelligence. Cases of fetishists with IQs over 150 have been documented.

A WALL CLOCK IN AGENT BOCKS' OFFICE

reads 9:03. The room is dimly lit. CAMERA PANNING OFF CLOCK (X) to Agent Mulder at Bocks' desk, poring over files. Several used styrofoam food containers are on the desk.

SCULLY'S V.O
The progression of the pathology can be traced from the fantasy stage to the eventual acting out of fetishistic impulses, including opportunistic homicide. Agent Mulder believes strongly that the suspect in this case is escalating toward this action.

PANNING OFF MULDER to Agent Scully sitting at a nearby computer terminal, typing the last of her report.

SCULLY'S V.O.
It is my opinion from reading these case files that death fetishism may play a stronger role than suspected in cases of serial murder. That once he begins to murder, it is the killing that draws attention away from a deeper motive. A motive which most people, including law enforcement professionals, dare not imagine. It is somehow easier to believe, as Agent Bocks does, in aliens and UFOs than in the kind of cold blooded, inhuman monster who could prey on the living to scavenge from the dead. (X)

DISSOLVING TO:

8 INT. CAR - TRAVELING - NIGHT - CLOSE ON DONNIE PFASTER 8

as the street lights from the tenderloin district of town play off his face. His eyes searching the night.

DONNIE'S POV

through the windshield. STREETWALKERS stand back in the shadows, stepping out into the light to display their assets to the potential customer in the slow-moving cars.

9 EXT. TENDERLOIN DISTRICT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 9

Donnie's car, a conservative white American sedan, pulls to the curb near TWO PRETTY HOOKERS. One of them (SATIN) strolls over to chat, bending down to look in the passenger side as Donnie rolls down the window.

SATIN
Hi.

DONNIE
Hi.

SATIN
Are you looking for a date?

DONNIE
Yes.

Satin smiles, doing a quick once-over on Donnie. Neat clothes, neat haircut, clean square car - the typically repressed civil servant-type looking for some wild, wild life. Ten minutes, fifteen max - it'll be the time of his life.

SATIN
Do you want to pull around the corner over there.

DONNIE
I'm interested in a couple of hours.

Satin's business agenda for the evening has just been set.

SATIN
Where do you have in mind?

CUT TO:

10 INT. DONNIE PFASTER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 10

Donnie enters the front door, flipping the lights on. Satin, in control of the situation, takes a careful look around. Everything is neat, nondescript. Safe and predictable in every way, except for one.

SATIN
Do you have any heat in here? It's freezing.

DONNIE
The forced air unit is broken. I'd like to run you a bath.

Donnie doesn't wait for her response. He heads in the direction of the bathroom. Satin watching him now, starting to wonder about this guy. Maybe he's just nervous.

CUT TO:

11 INT. DONNIE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT 11

Donnie is putting bubble bath in the water. On the side of the tub and on the commode are TWO DOZEN PLASTIC BOTTLES, shampoos, liquid soaps, bath oils, etc. Donnie turns when he hears Satin enter behind him.

DONNIE
Is your hair treated?

SATIN
What?

DONNIE
Do you need a shampoo for chemically treated hair?

SATIN
You want me to shampoo my hair?

DONNIE
I'm happy to pay, if that's something out of the ordinary.

She gives him a curious look, then reaches down and takes off her first high-heeled shoe. (NOTE: When she does this we see HER LONG, PAINTED FINGERNAILS.)

SATIN
Nobody's ever asked me.

A PHONE RINGS in another part of the house.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 11

DONNIE
Excuse me.

He moves around her and she watches him go. Suddenly she doesn't feel quite as much in control.

CUT TO:

12 INT. DONNIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 12

CLOSE ON DONNIE

answering the phone in some other part of the house.

DONNIE
Hello.

MARILYN'S VOICE
Is this Mr. Pfaster?

DONNIE
Yes.

MARILYN'S VOICE
Hi, this is Marilyn at Ficicello Frozen Foods. Sorry to be bother you so late, but I'm calling to say you've been hired, Mr. Pfaster. We'd like you to start right away. (X)

SATIN (O.S.)
Hey, what's going on here?

Donnie looks up at:

SATIN

coming down a hallway toward him with only a towel wrapped around her.

SATIN
The water's ice cold.

Satin gets to the doorway of the room and suddenly her eyes go wide.

SATIN
Oh god...

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: 12

WIDE ON DONNIE'S BEDROOM

Donnie sits on a bed covered with blue satin sheets and a padded blue satin headboard. The room is full of funeral sprays; multi-color gladioli arrangements. Most of them wilting, several days old.

Donnie looks at Satin calmly, the phone away from his ear. Marilyn's voice can be heard on the other end of the line.

MARILYN
Mr. Pfaster...?

DONNIE
(into phone)
Yes. That's wonderful news.
Thank you so much.

He hangs up the phone, looking to Satin who starts to backpedal down the hallway, keeping her eyes on Donnie. Afraid for her life now.

SATIN
Don't you come near me.

ANGLE ON DONNIE

He gets up calmly from the bed. Moving toward her. As we:

CUT TO:

13 EXT. TENDERLOIN DISTRICT - ALLEY - NIGHT 13

RED AND BLUE POLICE LIGHTS

illuminate a body covered by blue satin sheets, blood pooling beneath a large red stain in the area of the head. SEVERAL UNIFORMED OFFICERS stand over an FBI forensic investigator, who snaps photos using a camera with a high power strobe. The Officers lift the sheet to reveal the body, which we do not see.

BOCKS (O.S.)
We're still waiting for someone
to ID the body.

CAMERA FINDS BOCKS approaching with Mulder and Scully.

BOCKS
Judging from this area, I'd say
she was probably a working girl.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 13

Their attentions are redirected to the 2ND PROSTITUTE, the one who was standing with Satin when Donnie picked her up. She's been escorted to the body by a pair of FBI AGENTS. On seeing the body she has become hysterical.

PROSTITUTE
Oh my god oh my god. Who did this to her? Who did this?

The Agents pull her gently away from the body, as she continues to cry and wail. Moving past the Agents.

MULDER
Was it him?

BOCKS
It looks like it. Knife wound the length of her torso. All her hair was cut off. He took her fingernails. But this time he took some fingers, too.

Grim looks are exchanged. A shudder going involuntarily up Scully's spine.

BOCKS
Do you want to see the body?

Mulder nods, starts off. Scully, however, does not follow. Mulder stops, looks back to her.

SCULLY
I need a few minutes.

Mulder registers her uncharacteristic reluctance. Measuring it, then turning to join Bocks at the body. HOLD ON SCULLY, wrestling with a horror about death that she's never experienced. Off this look:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

14 EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - MINNEAPOLIS - DAY 14

A STILL FRAME of a picture perfect neighborhood, featuring a lovely wood frame house. HOLD ON THIS IMAGE as a bright lime green refrigeration truck pulls up in front of this house. The Ficicello Frozen Foods logo on its side.

DONNIE PFASTER

Dressed in uniform, he hops down from the vehicle, moving with a brisk and responsible step. Going to the back of the vehicle and opening the doors to the refrigeration unit.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. PORCH OF WOOD FRAME HOUSE - DAY 15

Carrying a stack of two plastic milk crate-type containers filled with frozen food goods (vegetables, Ice Cream, etc.) He sets them down and knocks on the door. A MAILBOX with handpainted flowers and the name THE BRUMFIELDS is mounted next to the door. A WOMAN (ELLEN BRUMFIELD) answers.

DONNIE
Hi. I'm your new delivery man.

ELLEN
Oh, hi. Come in.

16 INT. BRUMFIELD RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY 16

Donnie is carefully stacking the frozen food cartons in a large side-by-side refrigerator/freezer. Ellen speaks to him while spooning out cookie batter onto metal cookie sheets. The house is sunny in its decor, like its occupants. Cute knickknacks abound.

ELLEN
Did they give you Skip's old route?

DONNIE
Yes, ma'am. I think so. I just started with the company.

ELLEN
Skip had been delivering to us for so long we almost took it for granted he'd always be around. Since before the kids were born.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 16

Donnie smiles politely. Asbrunette LISA BRUMFIELD (16) enters the kitchen, stealing a chocolate chip from Mom's cookies. (X)

ELLEN
Lisa, this is...

DONNIE
Donnie. Donnie Pfaster.

ELLEN
He's taking over for Skip.

LISA
Oh. Hi.
(to Ellen)
I'm going to Steve's, Mom.

ELLEN
Okay. You have a good time.

She takes another chocolate chip, leaving as spritely as she entered.

ELLEN
We have three daughters.

DONNIE
Oh.

Donnie smiles politely as he finishes loading the freezer.

DONNIE
Pardon me, but do you have someplace I can wash my hands?

ELLEN
Oh, sure. There's a washroom down off the service porch.

CUT TO:

17 INT. BRUMFIELD WASHROOM - DAY 17

Donnie stands at the sink, washing his hands thoroughly. Making sure to get under the nails. He turns off the faucet, reaching over to dry his hands with a towel hanging on a nearby towel bar. While doing so, he looks down at:

ANGLE ON WASTEBASKET

full of tissues, dental floss, a toothpaste box.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: 17

REVERSE ANGLE OF DONNIE

looking down into the wastebasket. Then he reaches down, lifting the container up onto the sink surface. Now Donnie's hand disappears inside the wastebasket as he starts to root around through the trash.

Finally extracting A Brunette HAIRBALL, the type that might be pulled from a girl's brush. He studies it carefully, lovingly, before putting it into his pants pocket and returning the wastebasket to its place. (X)

Donnie checks his appearance in the mirror, then turns to exit. When he opens the door, he finds himself FACE TO FACE with Ellen Brumfield. It gives him a minor start, until:

ELLEN
I just wanted to tell you, if we're ever not home we always leave the back door open here.

She shows him the door leading off the service porch.

DONNIE
Oh. Okay. I'll remember that.

ELLEN
Will you have a cookie before you go? They're right out of the oven.

Donnie smiles, as Ellen heads back toward the kitchen. Off his smile, we:

CUT TO:

18 INT. COUNTY MORGUE - MINNEAPOLIS - DAY 18

A GROUP OF MEN (Medical Examiner, Examiner's Assistant, a Uniformed Officer, Two FBI Agents) loom over the body of the slain hooker who lies on the autopsy table. The Coroner unzips the body bag, revealing the blue satin sheet which still wraps the body we have not seen.

The men turn when Agent Scully enters the room, dressed in scrub greens.

ANGLE ON AGENT SCULLY

the reluctance and horror still evident in her.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 18

ON MEN

looking at her blankly. They exchange no words. Blocking her view of the body, they part and step aside to reveal it now. Lying atop the steel table, framed by these men, the sheet covered body takes on an odd aspect. A somewhat sacrificial aspect. An ancient funeral bier.

LOW ANGLE ON SCULLY

as she approaches the table, looking down at the body. Staring at it as the men fold in around her.

SCULLY'S V.O.
Death is a recorded event. For reasons natural or unnatural, when a body ceases to function the cause of the effect can be clearly reconstructed. A body has a story to tell.

Scully carefully pulls the sheet back with gloved hands. The men willfully disguise their own horror, betrayed though by the uneasiness of their blinking stares. Scully takes a breath, then speaks into a microphone mounted above the autopsy table.

SCULLY
The time is eleven fourteen AM, Monday, November 14th. The deceased is a female in her twenties...

Her VOICE FADING as we DISSOLVE TO:

CAMERA SLOWLY CIRCLING THE BODY

The onlookers huddled around, watching Scully work.

SCULLY'S V.O. (CONT'D)
If the victim was strangled, an examination of the veins in the eyes will reveal this. If the victim was shot, entry wounds and gunpowder residue can be used to reconstruct the events leading to death and help to establish a possible motive. Body temperature, preferably the temperature of the spleen is an accurate indicator of the time of death. As are rigor, livor and levels of sodium in the blood.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2) 18

CLOSE ON SCULLY

pointing a flashlight at an oblique angle across the deceased's torso.

SCULLY'S V.O. (CONT'D)
If the body was moved, sand, small rocks, vegetable debris, even pollen can be removed and analyzed to determine the location of the original crime scene and place the position of the body at the time of death.

Scully reaches in with a piece of tape and lifts something small and unseen from skin of the dead woman.

CLOSE ON SHOULDER AND NECK AREA OF DECEASED

Scully's gloved hand runs carefully along the clavicle, stopping to touch a livid bruise surrounded by a WHITE FLAKY RESIDUE.

SCULLY'S V.O. (CONT'D)
Extracutenous stains and residues can indicate the use of poisons or toxins.

SCULLY

takes a swab, reaches down and dabs the area. Placing the swab into a plastic evidence bag.

SCULLY'S V.O. (CONT'D)
Hair and fibers, slivers of glass, plastic, even insect casings can serve to recreate the circumstances under which death occurred.

CLOSE ON THE DECEASED ARM

Scully uses a small medical examination vacuum, running it carefully up and down the limb. PANNING UP TO SCULLY'S FACE - serious, intense, focused on the work.

DISSOLVING TO:

19 ECU COMPUTER SCREEN 19

where Scully's V.O. now becomes words typed on the screen.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 19

SCULLY'S V.O. (CONT'D)
It may be an irony only understood by those of us who conduct these examinations, who use these pieces to rebuild a narrative...

We are:

INT. AGENT BOCK'S OFFICE - DAY -

CLOSE ON SCULLY, CAMERA MOVING SLOWLY AROUND HER as she types these words into Agent Bock's computer.

SCULLY'S V.O. (CONT'D)
...that death, like life itself, is a drama with a beginning, middle and end. It is my opinion, having conducted this examination, that the victim died a wrongful death for the express purpose of extracting her hair and fingernails.

DISSOLVING TO:

20 CLOSE ON AGENT MULDER (MATCHING THE CAMERA MOVEMENT) 20

reading a printout of the document from Scully's computer.

SCULLY'S V.O.
The time of death cannot be accurately determined due to what I believe must have been immersion in a cold environment, most likely water. Death came as a result of blood loss and trauma from a deep knife wound which severed the pulmonary artery. Of the evidence examined, no one piece or combination gives a clear picture of the killer, other than the motive implied by the bizarre nature of the crime. For the record, it is also my opinion that, outside of child homicide, which may be more tragic and heinous, this is the one of the most angry and dehumanizing murders imaginable. (X)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 20

As Mulder looks up from the page, we have WIDENED to reveal we are:

INT. COUNTY SHERRIFF'S LINEUP OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY (X)

Mulder stands with Agent Moe Bocks and the 2nd Prostitute in the dimly lit room. On the other side of the one-way glass, A GROUP of MEN are standing against the calibrated lineup wall.

BOCKS
Look at each man carefully.

PANNING ACROSS MEN

The gamut: working class faces, pale indoor businessmens' faces, short men, tall men, fat and skinny.

RESUME BOCKS, MULDER

watching the woman survey the men. She shakes her head no.

PROSTITUTE
He was ordinary. He didn't look like no freak.

BOCKS
Do you remember what kind of car he was driving? What color it was?

PROSTITUTE
I think it was white.

BOCKS
Okay, you can go. Just leave a number and address where you can be reached.

PROSTITUTE
Are you gonna catch this guy?

BOCKS
(unconvincing)
We'll catch him.

She looks at Agent Mulder who looks less sanguine.

MULDER
Might be a nice week to take that paid vacation the boss owes you.

PROSTITUTE
(grim smile)
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2) 20

She exits. On the other side of the glass the men are being ushered out by an FBI AGENT.

BOCKS
If this guy looks regular-like and if he doesn't have a record, he's gonna be near impossible to find.

MULDER
Until he kills again. Or until we can determine what's driving him.

BOCKS
I read your profile. Sounds like a guy who can't make it with women. Which would explain the hooker.

MULDER
The hooker was just convenient. This guy's not after sex. He's after trophies.

BOCKS
So why doesn't he join a bowling league?

Mulder laughs, then paces, thinking aloud.

MULDER
His victim was a young attractive woman. The corpses he dug up were those of young women. Yet there's no evidence of any sexual activity. What fuels his need? What is important about the hair and fingernails to him? It's as if it's not enough that they're dead. He has to defile them. (X)
(pondering)
There's a deeper psychosis at work here. An anger toward women, possibly his mother.

BOCKS
I'd say she'd be pretty fried at him, too.

MULDER
The next thing to do is call all the psychiatric facilities.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (3) 20

MULDER (Cont'd)
See if they have any record of patients with similar pathologies. This kind of killer isn't made overnight. He's been fueling this fetish for years.

DISSOLVING TO:

21 DONNIE PFASTER'S FACE 21

Pleasant and attentive.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: 21

MAN'S V.O.
... the necessity of the story, the myth or the legend in a culture is almost universal.

We are:

INT. JUNIOR COLLEGE CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Donnie sits with a classroom full of STUDENTS, ranging in age, but the majority of which are just out of high school. A teacher, MR. FIEBING, instructs at the head of the room. On the top of the blackboard is written INTRO TO MYTHOLOGY AND COMPARATIVE RELIGION.

MR. FIEBING
We think of myths as things that entertain or instruct, but their deeper purpose is often to explain, or make fanciful, wishes, desires or behavior that society would otherwise deem unacceptable.

ANGLE ON PRETTY COED

sitting in a seat near the head of the class. As Mr. Fiebing lectures...

MR. FIEBING (O.S.)
Myths often disguise thoughts that are simply too terrible to think about, but because they are conveyed in a wrapping of untruth - the story - these thoughts become harmless fiction.

... CAMERA MOVES AROUND to reveal Donnie sitting a few aisles over, STARING at her fresh-faced profile.

PROFILE OF FRESH-FACED COED - DONNIE'S POV

with Mr. Fiebing continuing to lecture in the b.g.

MR. FIEBING
Take for example stories that we recite for children such as Snow White or Alice in Wonderland.

CLOSE ON DONNIE

The intensity of his gaze something we have seen before.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2) 21

MR. FIEBING (O.S.)
The subtextual themes where the Queen orders "off with her head" or the Prince wakens Sleeping Beauty with a kiss are what Freud would describe as death/wish imaginings -

HARD CUT TO:

22 EXT. JUNIOR COLLEGE CAMPUS PARKING LOT - NIGHT 22

The pretty coed is walking alone to her car when. Suddenly, behind her, Donnie enters frame. Heading in her direction.

THE COED

gets to her car (a two-door Subaru) and opens the door, putting her LARGE CANVAS BOOK BAG in the back seat. SHE IS SURPRISED by the appearance of Donnie.

DONNIE
Excuse me. I'm in your mythology class.

COED
Oh.

DONNIE
My name's Donnie. I sit a couple rows over. Maybe you've seen me.

COED
I don't know. I -

DONNIE
I know. You sit up front. I just... I was going to my car and I saw you and... did he ask us to read chapters ten and eleven, or eleven and twelve?

COED
Oh. I think it was...

She reaches into her car and reaches into the large canvas book bag, removing a notebook.

CLOSE ON DONNIE

staring at the girl as she does this.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: 22

CLOSE ON GIRL

finding the notebook and flipping to a page.

COED
It was chapters ten and eleven.

DONNIE
Oh, thanks.

She puts the notebook back in the car, but when she comes back out, Donnie has taken a step closer to her. He now has her penned in the tight V made by the open door, his arm resting on the window frame. The girl's face turns dark.

COED
I have to go now.

She tries to pull the car door from Donnie's grasp but he holds firm. Fear plays over the girl's face.

DONNIE
Don't go.

COED
Let go of the door.

But Donnie doesn't, staring at the girl challengingly. Taking a step toward her when, SHE KNEES DONNIE IN THE GROIN. Followed by a SWIFT KARATE-STYLE PUNCH to his face. Sending Donnie sprawling to the ground. His books skidding across the asphalt.

CLOSE ON GIRL

as she begins to SCREAM at the top of her lungs.

COED
HELP!!!! SOMEBODY!!!!

CUT TO:

23 INT. COUNTY MORGUE - NIGHT 23

The body lies on the stainless steel autopsy table, atop the open body bag but still wrapped in the blue satin sheets. There is no one else in the room until Agent Scully enters. Still wearing latex gloves, she moves to the body.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 23

LOW ANGLE ON AGENT SCULLY

as she approaches the body. Standing over it for a moment before she reaches down and removes the sheet. When she does, HORROR PLAYS ACROSS HER FACE.

AGENT SCULLY'S POV

Lying under the bloodied sheets is not the corpse, but Agent Scully herself. Her eyes open, looking up at:

THE DEMON FIGURE

we saw in the Teaser. Standing in silhouette above her, his twisted features EVER SO SLIGHTLY visible in the backlight. Somewhere a PHONE BEGINS RINGING.

HARD CUT TO:

24 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - AGENT SCULLY 24

bolting upright in bed. Waking from a terrible dream. The RINGING PHONE is next to her on the nightstand. She reaches for it, answering it.

SCULLY
Hello.

MULDER'S VOICE
Scully, it's me. They've arrested somebody they think may be our guy.

Scully glances at the clock radio. It's 11:21.

SCULLY
I'll get dressed.

Scully hangs up. Still shaken from her dream. She gathers her clothes off the top of the dresser. As we:

CUT TO:

25 INT. COUNTY SHERRIFF'S DEPARTMENT - JAIL BLOCK - NIGHT 25

Scully and Mulder stand behind steel bars with Agent Bocks as a JAILOR opens the door for them. Admitting them into a long hallway. They walk briskly down the corridor, glancing into cells we cannot see from this angle.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 25

BOCKS
He's got a history of assault. A 911 call came in from a security officer who saw it happen.

They arrive at a cell, stop and look in.

BOCKS
She hurt him pretty bad.

AGENTS' POV

A MAN IN A BUSINESS SUIT sits on his cot. He is not Donnie Pfaster. He looks at the Agents with a drunken scowl. A FRESH KNIFE WOUND slashed across his cheek and nose.

MULDER
Who cut him?

BOCKS
A working girl. They're all carrying knives since what happened.

Mulder nods, looks at Scully.

SCULLY

stares at the man, focusing all her anger on him. When A FACE pokes out of the bars in the next cell. CAMERA RACKS to the face of Donnie Pfaster. Staring at Scully with the same intensity he had for the coed. Off this image:

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

26 INT. COUNTY SHERRIFF'S DEPARTMENT - JAIL BLOCK - NIGHT 26

Mulder, Scully and Bocks are interrogating the suspect in his cell. Their backs are to us, speaking in quiet tones that are swallowed by the sounds of cells opening and closing elsewhere in the jail. A UNIFORMED JAILOR stands outside the cell.

CAMERA DOLLIES SLOWLY off this cell to the cell beside it where Donnie Pfaster hangs on the bars, his ear cocked and listening to their interrogation.

NEW ANGLE

The Jailor opens the door to the suspect's cell and Mulder, Scully and Bocks exit. Moving a few steps away to converse. Putting them right in front of Donnie Pfaster's cell.

MULDER
He's not our guy.

BOCKS
(damn it)
I thought we had him.

ANGLE ON SCULLY

listening to this. Feeling Donnie Pfaster's eyes on her. Turning to Donnie and staring at him. He smiles meekly at her. She stares at him for a moment more, then turns away. Though she has no idea that Pfaster is the killer, she is creeped out by his stare.

ANGLE FROM END OF JAIL BLOCK

As the Agents move back to the head of the corridor. The Jailor there opening the barred doors for them. As they move through the door, Scully takes Mulder's arm.

SCULLY
Mulder, can I have a minute with you?

MULDER
Yeah.

Scully looks at Bocks who gets the message in her look. Scully wants to talk to Mulder alone.

BOCKS
I'll be out front.

Bocks exits.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: 26

SCULLY
I think I might better drive this investigation if I focused on the evidence.

MULDER
What are you suggesting?

SCULLY
That I take the body back to Washington. I'd like to run it through the fingerprint lab there. You know those guys, they can pull a print -

MULDER
If you're having trouble with this case, Scully, I want you to tell me.

SCULLY
I'm not having trouble, Mulder.

He studies her for a short moment.

MULDER
I'd understand, Scully. This isn't exactly easy to stomach.

SCULLY
I'm fine with it. Really. I just think we're a long way from catching this guy. If we could get a print, we'd have something to go on. Right now we're at a standstill.

Mulder nods, still studying Scully. Knowing she's not coming clean with him.

MULDER
I think it's a good idea.
(he puts his hand gently on her shoulder)
But I don't want you to think you have to hide anything from me, Scully. I've seen agents with twenty years in the field fall apart on cases like this.

SCULLY
I'm fine, Mulder. I can handle it.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2) 26

She pulls gently away from his touch, heading off. He watches her a moment, then follows.

27 INT. JAIL BLOCK - CELL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 27

Donnie Pfaster still hangs on the bars of his cell.

DONNIE
Hey, what's your name?

CAMERA ADJUSTS to frame in the cell next door to Donnie's where the former suspect sits on his cot.

SUSPECT
You talking to me?

DONNIE
Yeah. Were those FBI agents?

The Suspect gets up from his cot, moves to the bars.

SUSPECT
Yeah.

DONNIE
What were they asking you?

SUSPECT
They thought I was some freak who's been digging up corpses. Man, I'm in enough trouble already.

DONNIE
What were their names?

SUSPECT
Who?

DONNIE
The younger agents.

SUSPECT
Um. I don't remember his name, but she was Scully, like that baseball announcer.

Donnie nods, turning his attention to A JAILOR who comes and jams a key in the lock of his cell.

JAILOR
Let's go. Mr. Pfaster.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: 27

DONNIE
Go where.

JAILOR
Lady's dropped the charges against you. They're letting you out soon as you talk to psychiatric social worker.

The Jailor seems none too happy about this, watching Donnie as he gathers a few books he's got, moving to exit. As we:

CUT TO:

28 EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY 28

With LEGEND, to establish.

CUT TO:

29 CLOSE ON 29

a magnified piece of blood-stained BLUE SATIN. Over this:

SPECIAL AGENT BUSCH
At first glance, there's not much to work with.

We are:

INT. FINGERPRINT ANALYSIS LAB - DAY

A legend reads; LATENT FINGERPRINT ANALYSIS LAB. SECTION CHIEF CARL BUSCH sits at his workbench studying the blood-stained satin with a pair of high magnification eyeglasses. Scully stands beside him. In the background are two benches at perpendicular angles. On one is a laser which runs through a long solid tube. On the other are a series of ultraviolet lights.

BUSCH
Satin doesn't hold a print real well. There could be a latent somewhere in these blood stains, but I suspect the killer used gloves.

SCULLY
The body was shipped on my flight. It should be here within the hour. (X)

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: 29

BUSCH
We'll take a look. How long are you in town, Agent Scully?

SCULLY
I've got a flight back to Minneapolis booked for tonight. But I might cancel.

BUSCH
(nodding)
I've put all other work aside.

Scully nods, turns and exits.

CUT TO:

30 INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - A DOOR 30

marked EMPLOYEE ASSISTANCE PROGRAM, K. KOSSEFF L.C.S.W. WIDEN TO REVEAL Scully coming down a hall to the door. She looks in either direction, then opens the door, enters.

CUT TO:

31 INT. E.A.P. OFFICE - DAY - SHORT TIME LATER - KAREN KOSSEFF 31

sits in an upholstered club chair. She is 40s, attractive, radiating genuine care and concern. She has Scully's FILE in her lap. Scully sits across from her struggling with her feelings about the case.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: 31

SCULLY
You think you find a way to deal with these things. In med school you develop a clinical detachment to death. In your FBI training you are confronted with cases,, the most terrible and violent cases. You think you can look into the face of pure evil. And then you find yourself paralyzed by it.

KOSSEFF
Are you aware you've been talking about yourself in the second person?

SCULLY
No. Was I?

KOSSEFF
Do you know why?

SCULLY
Probably as another way of trying to detach myself from it.

KOSSEFF
You're a strong person. You've probably always felt you can handle any problem yourself.
(Scully nods)
But you feel vulnerable now. Do you know why that is?

SCULLY
No.

KOSSEFF
Is it your partner? Is there a problem with trust -

SCULLY
No. I trust him as much as anyone. I'd trust him with my life.

KOSSEFF
Can you talk to him about the way you're feeling?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2) 31

SCULLY
No.
(beat)
I know it sounds crazy, but I don't want him to know how much this is bothering me. I don't want him to think he has to protect me.

KOSSEFF (X)
I know you lost your father last year. And I read in your file that you were very ill recently. That your life was threatened. Exposures like these can leave you extremely vulnerable.

Scully nods.

SCULLY
I know these things. I'm conscious of them. I know the world is full of predators, just as it's always been. I know it's my job to protect people from them, and I've counted on that fact to give me faith in my ability to do what I do. I want that faith back. I need it back.

Off Scully's hard mustered resolve:

CUT TO:

32 INT. FINGERPRINT ANALYSIS LAB - DAY 32

Scully enters, finding Agent Busch standing over the bench where the long laser tube is mounted. He turns to her.

BUSCH
There you are. I've been looking for you.

SCULLY
I had a meeting.

BUSCH
I've got good news.

As he says this he is moving back to his work bench. Scully looks like she has regained some of her composure.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: 32

SCULLY
What did you find?

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2) 32

BUSCH
Well, as I suspected there was nothing on the sheets. But we got something nice off the body. We used Superglue - you're aware of the technique?

SCULLY
You cover the body with plastic and heat Superglue under it.

BUSCH
(nodding)
The fumes join with the moisture on the body and bring any latent fingerprints into relief.

SCULLY
And you found something?

BUSCH
At first it didn't look like it. Nothing on the torso, the face, the arms, the hands. The guy cut her fingers off though, right? But not all of them. On her right hand he left the thumb.

He hands Scully a large 35mm print of a latent fingerprint.

BUSCH
I pulled this off the nail polish. There must have been a struggle before he killed her. Before he put the gloves on.

Scully is nodding. Suddenly excited by the find.

SCULLY
I've got to call Agent Mulder.

She goes to the phone, dialing.

BUSCH
Oh. Somebody called for you.

SCULLY
Who?

BUSCH
He said he was an Agent working out of Minneapolis. I told him you were out, but had a flight booked back tonight.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (3) 32

Scully takes a breath, a look of concern passing across her face. She doesn't know if she's ready yet.

SCULLY
Was it Agent Mulder?

BUSCH
I didn't recognize the name.

SCULLY
Did you tell him about the print?

BUSCH
I hadn't found it yet.

MULDER (FILTER)
Mulder.

SCULLY
(into phone)
Mulder, it's me. We got a print.

33 INT. AGENT MOE BOCKS' OFFICE - DAY 33

Mulder is talking to Scully on his cellular. Bocks is at his desk, looking at Mulder as he enters.

MULDER
Scully got a print.

BOCKS
Fantastic.

SCULLY (FILTER)
I'm going to modem it out to you right away to see if you can run a match.

MULDER
Are you staying on there, Scully?

SCULLY (X)
No. I'm coming back tonight.

34 INT. FINGERPRINT ANALYSIS LAB - DAY - CONTINUOUS 34

Scully hangs on the phone, curious about this last exchange.

MULDER
Look, Scully. I know this is a pretty horrific case -

SCULLY
I'm okay with it, Mulder. You can use my help.

MULDER
Always.

SCULLY
Mulder? You or Agent Bocks didn't call here looking for me earlier, did you?

MULDER
No. Not that I know of.

SCULLY
(curious)
Okay, I'll see you when I get there.

She hangs up, takes a deep, unsure breath. And we:

CUT TO:

35 INT. DONNIE PASTER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY 35

As the DOOR IS BROKEN DOWN by UNIFORMED OFFICERS using a battering ram. They are followed by A 2ND WAVE of AGENTS, OFFICERS moving into the apartment, guns at the ready. (X)

36 INT. DONNIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 36

HANDHELD THROUGH APARTMENT

following the AGENTS down the hallway, looking into rooms with them. The bathroom, then the bedroom, with its VERY WILTED GLADIOLI. With no bedding on the bed. CAMERA HOLDS ON ROOM as an AGENT steps into frame, surveying the bizarre decor. The disgust registering on his face. Particularly when he reaches down to one of the pillows (case removed). From out of the zippered end protrudes a stuffing of MANY-COLORED TANGLED HUMAN HAIR. (X) (X)

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: 36

NEW ANGLE ON APT. - CAMERA MOVING PAST UNIFORMED OFFICERS

moving through the apartment in the wake of the first team. (X)
FINDING Mulder and Bocks as they enter in their wake. Agent Bocks is on a walkie talkie. HOLD ON HIM as Mulder steps out of frame.

BOCKS
The suspect does not appear to be at home. Let's put out an APB on Donald Addie Pfaster, age twenty eight -

BOCKS' POV

Agent Mulder has moved to the refrigerator where A UNIFORMED OFFICER is going through the freezer. Showing something to Mulder. Mulder turning back to Bocks.

MULDER
Take a look.

Bocks enters frame, moving to Mulder who holds a FICICELLO FROZEN FOODS carton out to him. He rips the packaging on what is labeled "Frozen Brussel Sprouts." But which contains A SEVERED FINGER with a long fingernail painted with bright red polish.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2) 36

BOCKS
Holy mother of god.

CUT TO:

37 EXT. MINNEAPOLIS AIRPORT - NIGHT 37

Agent Scully exits the main terminal carrying a small piece of luggage and her briefcase. She walks briskly across the street toward a car rental kiosk.

CUT TO:

38 ANGLE ON CAR RENTAL KIOSK 38

as Scully fills out the paperwork at the desk while a RENTAL AGENT works on the booking computer. CAMERA ADJUSTING BACK and RACKING FOCUS on a man sitting in a car outside the kiosk, watching her. It is Donnie Pfaster.

CUT TO:

39 EXT. RENTAL CAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT 39

Scully puts her luggage in a mid-size rental car, gets in the car and starts it. Pulling out of the parking lot.

CUT TO:

40 INT. SCULLY'S CAR - NIGHT 40

She drives on a dark road with no streetlights. When ANOTHER PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS looms up behind her. Moving up fast. Scully watches these lights in her rearview mirror. Taken totally by surprise, though, when her car is RAMMED FROM BEHIND.

Scully fights the wheel to correct a forced swerve, but the headlights are still on her tail. And WHAM - she is rear-ended again.

Off the TERROR in Scully's eyes as she fights to gain control of the car, we:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

41 INT. AGENT BOCKS' OFFICE - NIGHT 41

Mulder is standing with Bocks who is sitting at his computer, checking his watch worriedly.

MULDER
She should have been here.

BOCKS
(re:computer)
She was on the flight. And it arrived three hours ago.

Mulder's head turning when he hears someone enter the office behind. WHIP PAN TO:

AN FBI AGENT

AGENT
We found Agent Scully's car.

ON MULDER

A look of terror coming over him, his mind already considering all the possible scenarios.

CUT TO:

42 INT. MOE BOCKS' CAR - TRAVELING - NIGHT - 42

ANGLE OVER MULDER, BOCKS

Speeding toward the accident scene. LIGHT BARS from several police cruisers flash ominously a good distance ahead. Islands of colored light on an otherwise dark stretch of road. A sight loaded with dread and anticipation.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. DARK ROAD - NIGHT 43

Bocks' car pulls up and he and Mulder bolt out. Moving down a gentle embankment to where Scully's rental car lies overturned and nosed into thick underbrush.

ANGLE ON MULDER

as he watches the team of FBI Agents, Officers going over the car like army ants.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: 43

A few on their backs, trying to pull prints from the interior. Others shining flashlights inside to light their way. Still others taking reports, measurements, etc.

Mulder's heart beats in his throat as CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM to the rear end of the over turned car, which is sticking up in the air with a SEVERAL BIG DENTS in the trunk and tail light area. Mulder studies these for a moment as Bocks enters frame to see what he's looking at.

MULDER
(taking charge)
She was forced off the road. It looks like a white car. Get one of your men over here. Take a sample of this paint. Get it on a plane to Washington. If we hurry and we're lucky we can have a year and make of the car by morning.

Bocks looks at him, knowing as Mulder does that this may be too late.

MULDER
We're going to find her.

Mulder exits frame, leaving Bocks to watch him head purposefully back up the embankment. It is not an optimistic look Bocks wears.

CUT TO:

44 CLOSE ON FRONT OF WHITE CAR 44

The hood of which is dented and crumpled. Though it is dark, we might be able to make out some dark paint from Scully's car in the creases.

EXT. TWO-STORY CUSTOM HOME - NIGHT

Donnie's white sedan is backed up into the driveway, halfway into the garage. A LARGE WOODEN FOR SALE SIGN in the lawn.

CUT TO:

45 INT. CUSTOM HOME - NIGHT 45

CAMERA SEARCHES through the well-furnished upper middle class house. Though all the furniture is covered with plastic. All the curtains are drawn. It appears the house may have been closed up for some time.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: 45

Presently, there is no one seen, nor evidence of anyone at home. Until:

CAMERA FINDS DONNIE

moving past a doorway. Appearing, then disappearing. CAMERA FOLLOWING HIM, turning into the hallway, catching a glimpse of him moving around a corner and disappearing again into another doorway. CAMERA CREEPING DOWN THE HALL toward this doorway. Peeking in, finding:

DONNIE

knelt down, removing plastic shampoo, liquid soap bottles from under the sink. Putting them on top of the commode. Beside him, the bathtub is filling. One can guess the temperature of the water.

CUT TO:

46 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER - LOOKING OUT DOOR 46

down the same long hallway. Donnie reappears, moving TOWARD CAMERA now. Entering the bedroom, decorated in a style that reminds one of a teenage boy's room. The bed, a modest maple four poster, is stripped of any bedding, though.

Donnie moves to the closet, slides the door open - REVEALING SCULLY, huddled in the corner. Her hands and feet tied, her mouth gagged. A large swollen bruise on her forehead, her face dirtied with flecks of caked mud and dried dirt. Her eyes are closed.

SCULLY'S POV OF DONNIE

In the dim backlight, Donnie looks down on her neither menacingly nor threateningly. Just studying her.

ON SCULLY

She opens her eyes, looks up at Donnie with frightened eyes.

RESUME SCULLY'S POV OF DONNIE

Replaced now by the backlit demon figure she dreamt about. The demon we saw in the Teaser. Only visible for a moment before the closet door slides shut. Screen to BLACK.

SOFT CUT:

COMING OUT OF THE BLACK OF MULDER'S SUIT. We are:

47 INT. AGENT MOE BOCKS' OFFICE - NIGHT 47

Mulder paces, his cellular phone to his ear as Agent Bocks stands at his desk, phone to his ear, taking notes.

BOCKS
(on phone)
Nothing registered to Donald Pfaster? Right... right. Got it.
(he hangs up)
The paint is called Ivory Bone. It's a two-step enamel used by three makers of late model mid-sized cars. They estimate there may be about sixty thousand cars that fit this description in the metropolitan area.

Mulder, the phone still to his ear, holds up his hand to acknowledge Bocks while trying to listen to whoever it is he's got on the line.

MULDER
Nothing? No one saw her leave the rental agency....? There was no attendant in the area...?

Mulder presses the end button on his phone in frustration.

MULDER
People videotape police beatings on dark streets. They see Elvis in three cities across America every day. But no one saw a pretty woman being run off the road in her rental car.

BOCKS
He could be have taken her anywhere. How're we going to find her?

MULDER
(determined)
We've got to go back to the beginning. How this guy thinks. Where would he go?

BOCKS
(shrugging)
Anywhere but his mother's, right?

MULDER
What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: 47

BOCKS
Being that he's so pissed off at her. From what your profile says.

Mulder looks at Bocks, saying nothing, but reacting to this statement with a curious intensity.

MULDER
Where does his mother live?

BOCKS
I don't know.

MULDER
Let's find out.

Bocks moves quickly to his computer, takes a seat. Mulder leaning in over his shoulder as he punches commands into the keyboard. CAMERA DRIFTING IN on Mulder. Under:

MULDER'S V.O.
I'd been putting the pieces of Donald Addie Pfaster's strange life together in my head.

DISSOLVE TO:

48 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 48

DONNIE'S HANDS PULL OPEN A DRESSER DRAWER (X)

revealing bedding and pillow cases. He removes a set, CAMERA (X)
LINGERING and FINDING a pair of SCISSORS, and NEEDLENOSE PLIERS (X)
lying on top of the dresser.

MULDER'S V.O.
Records dating back to Donald Addie Pfaster's childhood trace the roots of a well-documented deviant personality in the making.

A BILLOWING SHEET (X)

fills frame. Falling into place on the bare mattress, REVEALING DONNIE PFASTER standing at the end of the bed, beginning to tuck the sheets in using crisp hospital corners. Compulsive in their neatness. Under:

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: 48

CLOSE ON DONNIE

as he moves around the bed, continuing to make it with careful and exact motions. Bending out of frame, CAMERA PUSHING IN ON A FAMILY PORTRAIT behind him on the wall. There's Donnie, A SULLEN FIVE-YEAR OLD. With Mom, Dad, and THREE OLDER BEAUTY-QUEEN BEAUTIFUL SISTERS towering over him.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2) 48

MULDER'S V.O.
The youngest of four children and the only boy in the house, Donnie's history of psychiatric treatment began at the age of five after his parents divorced. He burned down several rooms of the suburban Chicago home where they lived, after several unsuccessful attempts.

Donnie pops back up into frame. Continuing to move around the bed. TAKING CAMERA to more SCHOOL PHOTOS on the wall. Pictures of a young Donnie, growing more and more dark and unhappy with each year.

MULDER'S V.O. (CONT'D)
When he was eight he killed a neighbor's dog for no reason and was, according to a school counselor, punished by abusive older sisters and by his mother who locked him in a closet every day for several months afterwards.

CAMERA LANDING on a picture of Donnie, age five, surrounded by his sisters and mother. They are laughing raucously at him because they have dressed him like a girl, with a wig, bright red lipstick and painted nails. Donnie is not laughing. He stares miserably at the photographer. A Diane Arbus-esque portrait of his future twisted self.

MULDER'S V.O. (CONT'D)
Though it is my belief these events certainly contributed to Donnie's psychosis, there is a greater force at work here. Every generation, like the ones before it, must defend itself against a demon spawn. The names make our skin crawl: Manson, Dahmer, Speck. That their crimes differ is irrelevant. They are the embodiment of pure evil. Interchangeable as eggs in a carton.

DONNIE RE-ENTERS FRAME, CAMERA FOLLOWING as he moves over to the closet and opens it, revealing Scully once again. Her frightened eyes adjusting to the light and the nightmarish sight of Donnie.

DISSOLVING BACK TO:

49 INT. MOE BOCK'S OFFICE - NIGHT 49

MULDER

hanging over Agent Bocks' shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: 49

BOCKS
The mother lives in Boca Raton, Florida. Correction. She used to live there. She died a year ago.

Mulder's face registers his disappointment.

MULDER
Did she have a car registered to her?

Bocks pumps in a few more commands.

BOCKS
(turning to him)
A late model white sedan.

MULDER
(realizing)
He inherited the car.

Mulder and Bocks trade looks, processing this information.

MULDER
Boca Raton could have been a winter house. Was there a residence here in Minneapolis?

Bocks turns, typing on the keyboard.

CUT TO:

50 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 50

Donnie kneels next to Scully, inspecting her fingernails. She pulls away, saying something angry and undistinguishable through the gag in her mouth.

SCULLY'S POV OF DONNIE (SPFX)

as he uses a SHARP METALLIC SNIPPER to cut the rope that binds her feet. During this, she sees DONNIE'S FACE TRANSFORM. Becoming DIFFERENT MEN'S FACES in quick succession. The faces of the men we saw earlier in the police lineup, as if Donnie is the embodiment of all man's evil. Before becoming Donnie again. (X) (X) (X)

DONNIE
(innocently)
Don't be afraid. (X)

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: 50

ANGLE ON SCULLY

Terrified. As Donnie reaches for her again.

51 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 51

As Scully, her hands still tied, her mouth gagged, is led into the lighted bathroom from the darkened hallway. CAMERA DRIFTING IN on her frightened expression as she gets her first look at the bath. She is tired, hunched, as Donnie moves around her to check the shampoos he has set out.

DONNIE
Would you say your hair is normal or dry?

When he turns back to Scully, she is backing out of the room, back into the hallway.

DONNIE
Now where are you going?

He moves to Scully, grabbing her by the shoulders, only to have her DRIVE HIM POWERFULLY BACKWARDS with a sudden burst of energy. Driving him on his back into the icy water of the bathtub. Then she bolts from the room.

ANGLE ON DONNIE

pulling himself wet from the tub. Giving chase.

52 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 52

Donnie bolts out of the bathroom into the hallway. Stopping, looking both directions. Scully has disappeared.

53 INT. ENTRY WAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 53

Scully tries to get out the front door, but Donnie has locked a dead bolt above the door handle that can only be opened with a key. She turns when she hears Donnie coming.

DONNIE (O.S.)
There's no way out, girly girl.

Off the fear on Scully's face.

54 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 54

Donnie enters. He goes to the bureau, opens it. REVEALING Scully's gun in its holster in the drawer. Donnie takes the gun out, snapping the bolt back. Then heading off.

55 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 55

Donnie enters, looking toward the entry way where we just saw Scully, but Scully has disappeared. Gun low but at the ready, Donnie stalks confidently through the house.

DONNIE
(out loud)
I know this house, girly girl. (X)
There's nowhere to hide. (X)

He continues on, coming to the stairway, starting up.

56 INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 56

Donnie appears at the top of the stairs. Stopping, listening, hears A DOOR SHUT. He heads in the direction of the sound.

57 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 57

Donnie moves stealthily down the hallway, looking in doors and finally entering a back room. (X) (X)

58 INT. SUPPLY CLOSET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 58

Moving to a closed door, checking the knob. Before pulling it open. (X) (X)

ANGLE ON SCULLY (GAG REMOVED, NOW LOOSE AROUND HER NECK)

lunging forward with a SPRAY BOTTLE of liquid that she shoots into Donnie's eyes. He reacts, stumbling backwards and grabbing his eyes. Scully slips past him, dashing off.

ANGLE ON SPRAY BOTTLE

as Scully drops it to the ground. It's WINDOW CLEANER. A beat, then Donnie's feet move past it. TILTING UP to find Donnie moving out, giving chase.

59 INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING - NIGHT 59

As Scully flees, starting down the stairs. Donnie giving chase. Catching her at the top of the stairs and causing the two of them to TUMBLE DOWN THE STAIRCASE.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: 59

LOW ANGLE ON BOTTOM OF STAIRCASE

as the bodies hit and the gun goes SKIDDING across the marble floor.

ANGLE OVER GUN

as Scully shakes off the fall and, hands still tied, starts crawling for the gun. Behind her, Donnie is regaining his wits and, seeing her, leaps up. Landing on top of Scully as she GRABS THE GUN. She twists beneath him in one quick move, wheeling the gun into his face. The face of: (X)

SCULLY'S POV (X)

The demon atop her, slashing the gun from her hands in a BLUR OF MOTION. When: (X)

ANGLE ON FRONT DOOR

as it bursts open. Mulder and Bocks the first men in the door, followed by AGENTS, OFFICERS.

MULDER
(gun brandished)
FEDERAL AGENTS! HANDS IN THE AIR!

Mulder has drawn down on Donnie. His weapon pointed at the man's head as he moves toward him. Ready to blow his head cff at the slightest twitch. Donnie slowly puts his hands in the air as the other men SWARM IN, taking Donnie forcefully and thrusting him into the other room.

ON MULDER

kneeling down to Scully who is still on the ground. Dazed. As she tries to get up.

MULDER
(loudly)
Let's get the paramedics out here!

SCULLY
I'm okay.

MULDER
Just stay there, Scully.

But she insists on getting up. Mulder helps her, though she is woozy. Trying not to need his help.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (2) 59

SCULLY
I'm fine. Just help me get my wrists undone.

Mulder works to get her wrists free.

SCULLY
How did you find me?

MULDER
His mother used to own the house, willed it to the sisters. I played a hunch. A patrolman spotted the car out front.

ANGLE ON DONNIE

down on the living room floor, his face pushed hard into the carpet by the men who are holding him there, frisking him. Binding his hands.

RESUME MULDER, SCULLY

as her wrists are finally freed. She feels their soreness, not wanting to meet Mulder's eye, looking over at Donnie.

MULDER
Why don't you sit down until someone can take a look at you.

SCULLY
Mulder. I'm fine.

She looks at him now and the eye contact between them is all it takes. He sees the fear still in her eyes, and now she can't hold back. Scully begins to cry. Mulder holding her now, though she keeps her arms crossed in front of herself at first, resistant. Until the strength she feels from him causes her to let go and allow herself and let the emotion come fully out.

ANGLE ON MOE BOCKS

standing over Donnie, watching this.

BOCKS' POV

Scully continues to cry in Mulder's arms. He holds her tight and strong. Protective. As we FADE OUT.

THE END